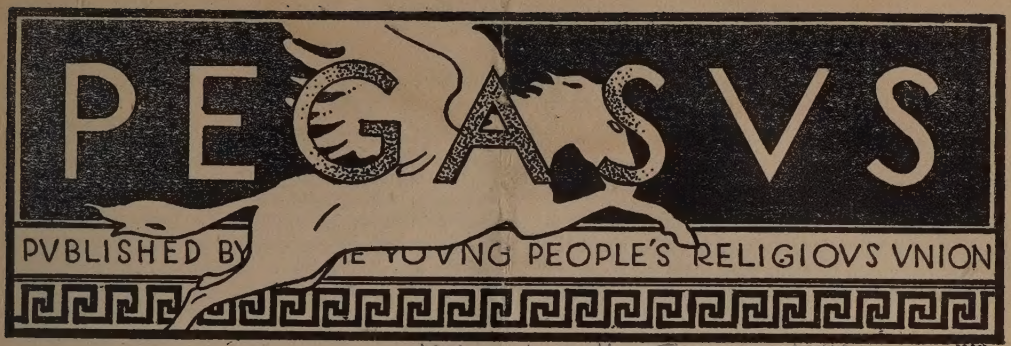

VOL. I #5

H.W.

ARE YOU A PROBLEM?

By Dr. Preston Bradley
The People's Church, Chicago

"The Spirit of Religion in the Spirit of Play" is the title of the feature article that will appear in the April Issue.

It is written by Rev. Sydney B. Snow, D.D., minister of the First Unitarian Church of Montreal, Canada. Dr. Snow is known to many Unitarian young people from his lecture course at Star Island in the summer of nineteen twenty-three.

The world has never been without a youth problem. In fact it is one of the world's oldest problems. Amateur reformers, pseudo-philosophers and tactless preachers seem to think that the world is having a youth-problem for the first time. The anxiety concerning our youngest generation, now that the "younger generation" has settled down and gone to work, is heard on every hand. In my day they were worried about the "younger generation." Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser were then members of the younger generation but like all youth these grew up, achieved fame, stopped going hungry, settled down and became mediocre. When "younger generations" are superceded by the "younger generations" they become less interesting but have infinitely more sense. Young people never worry me for the simple reason that if they grow up they develop a perspective and they are less anxious to set the world right. I attended the Evanston Youth Conference and had the time of my life. There wasn't a problem that baffled them. A sensitiveness of economic injustice, social inequality, ecclesiastical inefficiency, war-madness was hopefully present. What care I when the youthful loafers and spongers idle away the golden hours of youth. They cannot bankrupt civilization as long as a group like there was at Evanston has courage enough to outline a program. An organized minority will save any government and preserve any civilization. Jazzmania cannot win. The age is not decadent. I am not worried about the outcome. There will always be somewhere a "younger generation" that will always have a rather clear idea about the demands of the future and will tackle any problem anywhere and I am for them. I love their impetuosity. Youth is always in a hurry. They want things done right away. You cannot hurry progress but youth doesn't know that. We are all reformers, agitators, radicals, atheists, socialists, communists and all the rest of the passing show when we are young. Then we outgrow the fever and the growing pains stop.

I am weary of all this clatter about a youth problem and the terrible conditions among our young people. This age has been duplicated a thousand times in history and we are marching right on. The only difference between the young people of today and any other day is just this—they are not as gullible as the youth of yesteryear and they get where they are going a little sooner—that's all. When I see the really decadent element in our society, that between forty and fifty, I wonder that our youngsters are as good as they are. A flapper grandmother is more of a menace than any girl at eighteen ever was. The "younger generation" of other years, particularly the "Romantic 90's," simply "shut their eyes and opened their mouths" and swallowed anything. Thank God the youngest generation has better sense. They refuse to be herded. They despise mass formations. They cannot be stampeded. They ask questions. After a sermon into which you have poured your body and soul some youngster (God bless him) will come up to you and looking you squarely in the face will ask "You said so and so—how do you prove it?" Great! that attitude will put religion where it ought to be—in the realm of the demonstrable and rational. Youth will do it. They are our greatest challenge and our greatest inspiration. Meet them squarely, face the issue clearly, for they have an uncanny faculty of detecting sham. It is time we thought straight on this youth problem, for if we are not careful we will find that *we* are the problem. Give me the courageous, impetuous, inconsistent, active, idealistic youth and let them once get the vision of our noble church and we'll shake the old lethargic world. I love them most of all because not once in an emergency has the youth of the world failed. Old men make wars, but young men fight them. Youth will make good—it may surprise some of the grannies but it's true!

New York, March, 1926

EVOLUTION—A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

By William Newman Chew

Extracts from an address delivered at the Annual Young People's Service of the West Side Unitarian Church, February 7th, 1926

It is a glorious thing to stand today, on the threshold of life. In our hands are innumerable opportunities to help in the high and holy task of bringing about the ideal commonwealth of man. Evolution has shown us how to achieve this goal—modern science rides ahead to point the way.

Of course if life is to be successful, the primary need is the need for an adequate philosophy or religion—a philosophy or religion which does no violence to the human intelligence nor to the human conscience—for "as a man thinketh, so is he."

The first challenge which evolution states clearly is the necessity for preferential reproduction—that every individual should and can be well-born, for "Men do not gather roses from thorns, nor figs from thistles," and you cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear.

The second challenge of Evolution to Youth is the challenge to Education. On education depends the standards of living and the degree of culture which will characterize our race and nation. You and I must convince Mr. Average Citizen of the practical worth-whileness of education. Let us sound forth the clarion call that tells to the world that education is the greatest actual necessity in the world—that without it no man and no woman is fully equipped to play his or her part in life. Mankind is not here merely to carry a hod or push a pen—mankind is here to give spiritual as well as material value to the world and to get spiritual as well as material value from the world, and without the priceless boon of education, mankind can do neither.

The third great challenge of Evolution to Youth is for the humanizing of industry. Too long we have had sweatshops, "factory systems" and large industries, standardized to such an extent that the creative spirit is completely stifled out of the workers, and the human heart has been almost eliminated from the employers. Two great evils have risen as a direct result of this industrial system—on one hand the domineering and tyrannical trade unions and on the other hand the equally domineering and tyrannical aristocracy of wealth without regard for culture. We who are now starting out in the work of the world can do much to change these conditions by spreading the gospel that every human being is entitled to a full opportunity for the exercise and development of that creative spirit, that spirit of initiative and progress which lies within every human heart, but which too often is suppressed by the cruel hand of circumstance.

The fourth challenge of Evolution is the call to world brotherhood. Evolution has demonstrated two great truths: first, the fact of common origin and second, interdependence, and the need for interstimulation. No nation, and no race, can be entirely self-sufficient—and no race and no nation should have any desire so to be. It is only by the free interchange of ideals and an intimate knowledge and understanding of the aims and hopes of one another, that the races and nations of the world can get together on a basis of common justice and common co-operation. We, the Youth of today, can do much toward the achievement of this goal and thereby do much to remove from the world the bitter scourge of war by teaching the great truth that racial differences do not mean necessarily that a conflict is unavoidable.

The fifth challenge of evolution is the selection of intelligent leaders. We have plenty of men of such intelligence but we do not entrust them with responsibility. If democracy is not to continue deteriorating into mobocracy you and I must take our duties of citizenship more seriously. We must have courageous leaders who are not afraid to express their views, regardless of the threats and entreaties of timid or selfish persons.

And the final great challenge is Faith! Not a blind trusting in supernatural deities who perform irrational miracles, but a calm confidence in Nature and the Unknown Spirit behind the immutable laws of the Universe. Does Evolution make Atheists and Agnostics? Well, even if sometimes it does, what of it? Many of our sublimest souls have been Atheists and every honest man, if he searches his innermost heart and soul is an Agnostic—one who simply refuses to take upon himself to tell anyone—even himself—what God is, or why God is. He does not know, and neither does anyone else—and he is simply honest enough to admit it frankly and openly. If anything, Evolution is likely to make one a believer in rather than a denier of a supreme intelligence, for what can be stronger evidence of a supreme mind or a supreme personality than Nature itself? Evolution does away with the concept of a kingly, anthropomorphic God, but it does not necessarily do away with the concept of a Supreme Intelligence. Evolution gives a far brighter, far more hopeful, reasonable and justifiable faith to replace that which it should and does destroy. Blind faith through fear is a sign of weakness, strong faith through rational evidence is a vast and towering strength, and this latter is the faith of evolution.

Here then are the challenges of evolution—preferential reproduction for the betterment of humanity; free education, uncontrolled by church or politics; the humanizing of industry; world brotherhood, based on mutual trust and mutual understanding; intelligent leadership, and a rational faith in a well ordered universe instead of a blind faith predicated on fear. Evolution calls us to a glorious struggle for a noble end, bidding us go forward firm in our faith in the continual progress of mankind onward and upward forever.

PROGRAMS OF INTEREST AND PROFIT

The suggestions contained in this department are meant for practical use in the discussion hour of your society's Sunday evening program. If you are following them PEGASUS will be glad to have an expression as to how successful you find them; and it will welcome your criticism.

The following is contributed by Edwin H. Wilson, President of the Meadville, Pennsylvania, Federation.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14th

SOME THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR

The World's Greatest Books. "Books purify the taste, elevate the character, make low pleasure unattractive, and carry the soul up into a region of noble aims and generous purposes."

(a) *Why Are Books Worthwhile?* They arouse us to thought and enlarge our experience; they enable us to take advantage of the thought and experience of others; they are a magic realm of adventure and fun to the initiate. (b) *How Can We Know Which Books to Read?* Time brings a survival of the fittest. Present day books—the problem; watch book reports in such publications as the N. Y. Times, the Boston Transcript, and the Christian Register. Read the best magazines. Develop ability to criticise style. Watch for the bias of propaganda, and accuracy of representation. (c) *How Can We Read Systematically?* By persisting in our reading until it becomes a habit and a joy. Let us read history to grasp the significance of today and tomorrow, fiction to fire our imagination, biography to inspire us and fix our purpose, then let us explore a "special interest" field until we are thoroughly familiar in it.

References: James Freeman Clarke, "Self Culture," Ch. 14a. Ruskin, "King's Gardens" from "Sesame and Lilies."

SUNDAY, MARCH 21st

THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK

(a) *Why Is Work Necessary?* To keep the world going on. Man as more than beast needs more than food and shelter. We need work to exercise both our muscles and our minds. Play without purpose is insufficient; we need a cause and opposition for the challenge that brings out our latent abilities.

(b) *What Makes Work Drudgery?* When its only meaning is to earn money. When routine becomes monotony and the employer treats the worker as a cog in a machine. When the thing made is not seen and there is no sense of service or achievement, or no opportunity to advance.

(c) *When Is Work a Blessing?* When the ideal of service, that is when love, transforms it into play. When one takes pride in doing his job well, in creating, in developing skill and craftsmanship. When your employers and co-workers are friendly and recognize your efforts. When you feel that you are getting some place and not fanning the air.

References: Richard C. Cabot, "What Men Live By," part 1. William C. Gannett, "Blessed Be Drudgery."

SUNDAY, MARCH 28th

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF FRIENDS

(a) *Why Should We Be a Friend?* To have friends. Faith placed in us brings out our best. Recognition by those who mean most to us is a choice reward. Man is gregarious and seeks out his kind. Friendship is the spiritual tie of humanity.

(b) *When Is a Friend a Handicap?* Jesus and his disciples had to turn away from their families to follow a higher duty. We must choose our friends as we must choose our books. A friendship which degrades either, or helps neither, is not justified.

(c) *When Is a Friend a Help?* When he calls out your best self. When he shares one's adventures and achievements. When you find comfort and satisfaction in his presence, and when he makes one feel he can be depended on.

References: Emerson's Essay, "Friendship." Hugh Black, "Friendship." Donald Hanke, "Student in Arms," chap. on "The Beloved Captain."

SUNDAY, APRIL 4th.

THE APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY

(a) *Where is Beauty Found?* In nature, in character, in art. Music, poetry, dancing, drama, are the more emotional arts, more subjective and temporary. Architecture, sculpture, painting are more objective and permanent. What evidence do you see of beauty in your city; in its buildings and civic life? Is there any beauty in the products of its factories and stores? How could these be made beautiful?

(b) *What Is Art?* Art is the expression of emotion, and exists as a satisfaction in itself, rather than a means to an end. Art is thus closely related to play.

(c) *What Is the Value of Art?* Art is a necessity not a luxury; it feeds the whole man, brings delight, and inspires us to good deeds. We experience beauty as we nourish our impulses to create and appreciate, and this moralizes and develops us in the process. Purely sensual pleasures are built up on expectations that are never satisfied, while art brings direct pleasures of the mind.

(d) *How Can We Learn to Appreciate Art?* By learning to sing, or draw, or model in clay, or act, that is by some form of participation in the attempt to create. By exposing one's self continuously to the objects in the nearest art museum, the best concerts and plays,—or their substitutes by victrola, radio, print, and book. By learning the language of form and content in which art is expressed,—the more technical side such as anatomy, perspective, metre, or composition.

References: "The Necessity of Art." London, 1924, The Student Christian Movement; Eugen Neuhaus, "The Appreciation of Art."

LOCAL STATIONS

WHERE TO THIS SUMMER?

Here is a chance to earn your way to summer conferences or to the Isles of Shoals this season.

The Unitarian Temperance Society offers handsome premiums to Y. P. R. U. Members or to young people between the ages of 15 and 25 who write the best answers to the question "What Should Young People Do About Prohibition?" The premiums are traveling and hotel expenses of three delegates to their nearest summer conference, or if the winners of the West and Pacific Coast prefer the Shoals, the Unitarian Temperance Society will pay all the hotel expense at the Shoals and 10% of additional traveling expense. Three awards will be made, one each for the Pacific Coast, Middle West, and New England.

Answers must be not less than 500 nor more than 1500 words in length.

Contest is open until April 30, 1926. Send your story to the Unitarian Temperance Society, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Now is your chance to tell them the truth.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES

Carl B. Wetherell, *Contributing Editor*

Young People's Sunday according to reports received to date was observed at the following places in the Pacific Coast "diocese." Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.; Portland and Salem, Oregon; San Francisco, Berkeley, Palo Alto, San Jose, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Long Beach, Redlands, Calif.; and Salt Lake City, Utah. On Sunday, February 14th, evening meetings were simultaneously held at Los Angeles and San Francisco, conducted and attended by the churches of Southern and Northern California, respectively. Social events were held at Long Beach, Los Angeles, San Jose and Salem.

One of the most interesting reports of Young People's Sunday was that received from Victoria. In spite of very few Young People in the church the entire service was conducted by all available. The Sunday School also participated. The entire collection was sent to Headquarters in Boston. Now to the average reader this report sounds prosaic and dull. But when one realizes that the Victoria church has been without a Minister for over six years and yet has never missed a Sunday Service, except in the summer vacation—that there are less than 30 members; that the finances are very, very low—the *spirit* of this Young People's Sunday is what counts. It was another proof of devotion, loyalty, generosity. Without in the least seeming to be disagreeable, cannot many a church and Young People's Society much stronger numerically and financially draw a lesson from Victoria? If more of our Societies had a similar strain of pluck and devotion we would have stronger churches and the result of stronger churches would be better communities. Some fine day Victoria is going to reap its just reward for it is sowing rightly!

Especially encouraging reports in the last month have been received from the newly organized group at San Jose and from Salem and Vancouver. At the first named place the Young People have caught the right spirit and seem determined to have an active organization. At Salem the Society has conducted a Valentine party—very popular in many Coast churches—you see. Romance is still respected. Early in March, Unity Club, Salem, is to have a dinner and dance in honor of newly elected members. Good! Make them feel welcome. Even Young People appreciate such recognition. This same group, already affiliated with the Y. P. R. U., held a successful candy sale. A sweet and successful occasion. It is also doing some regular community service visiting the sick and needy. At Vancouver the Society has been revamped and is much encouraged.

The Junior Channing Club of Berkeley is showing progress and is greatly encouraged because Rev. Robert F. Leavens is acting as Director and advisor.

The Wednesday luncheons of the *Channing Club, Berkeley,* are better attended than ever. The spirit is remarkable. Your Secretary addressed the members on February 10th. A Camping party at Inverness was enjoyed over the week end February 20-22nd.

One of the busiest groups on the Coast is the *Fellowship* at *Los Angeles.* To wit: its schedule, posted in the meeting room where your Pacific Coast representative addressed the group Feb. 5th. Radio Fund dance (one means of raising money to make weekly broadcasting possible by Ministers of our Los Angeles and Hollywood churches). February 14th, hosts to the Southern California Federation—supper, business meeting and religious service—details in next issue. February 19th, musical comedy, written by one of its members and dance—part of "Y. P. Week." February 24th, meeting with Liberal Students of Southern Branch, University of California. March 16th, Reunion Laguna Summer Camp members and friends. Plans are already being made to contact with Liberal students at Pomona College, Claremont.

Rev. Leila Lasley Thompson, Pacific Coast Field Secretary for Y. P. R. U. 1920-1921 was ordained into the Unitarian Ministry at Palo Alto, on February 7th. She is associate Minister at Palo Alto. Mrs. Thompson pursued her theological course at Manchester College, Oxford, England.

A new Young People's group is in the process of organization at Sacramento where the Minister, Rev. Berkeley Blake is in charge. Mr. Blake was formerly President of the Channing Club of Berkeley. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School and is now doing some substantial work at Sacramento as a Minister.

The Y. P. Society at Redlands, Calif., took charge of its church service on Young People's Sunday. A special musical program was rendered by an orchestra of young people. A short talk, "Overcoming One's Environment," was given by Frances Muller. "A Religion for Youth and a Youthful Religion" was the topic of the sermon preached by the Minister.

LOCAL STATIONS

MEETING, YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION, FEBRUARY 14, 1926

Seventy-four Unitarian Young People from churches around San Francisco Bay region sat down to supper as the guests of the Starr King Society of the San Francisco Church on Sunday evening, February 14th. Seven delegates from Palo Alto traveled 100 miles to be present. The Northern California Federation was revived with Frank Porter Shirley of Berkeley, President; Arthur Hyman of San Francisco, Secretary; Carl Wetherell, Treasurer.

Following the social meeting the delegates adjourned to the School Rooms of the San Francisco Church for a public religious meeting for spiritual fellowship. A service of Righteousness and Peace was conducted by Arthur Hyman and Virginia Wise of San Francisco. Following a word of greeting and explanation of Young People's Sunday by James Whiting, Jr., President of Starr King Society, came seven brief addresses on the general topic, "Youth and the Church Today." The Minister of the Church, Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, very briefly but accurately summed up all that had been said and added a much needed word for Young People—namely that Christianity at its best is a Young People's Religion. Irene Rode, Pacific Coast Vice President, Y. P. R. U., then sang the Y. P. R. U. Song and afterwards led the entire audience in singing this stirring song. She also offered the Benediction.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FEDERATION, Y. P. R. U. MEETING, FEBRUARY 14, 1926

The Southern California Federation of the Y. P. R. U. met in the Los Angeles Church on Sunday, February 14th, at 5:00 P. M.

A good representation was present from Hollywood, Long Beach, Redlands, Pasadena and Pomona.

From five to six a very enjoyable social hour was spent. The parish room was attractively decorated in red valentine hearts, greenery and shaded lamps. The spirit of St. Valentine, a girl appropriately dressed, presided over a gay valentine box in which the Los Angeles Young People placed valentines for all their guests. A dainty valentine supper was served by eight girls in costumes decorated with hearts.

At seven o'clock a business meeting was called. The Los Angeles president, Phyllis Hunter, welcomed all the visiting societies. Telegrams were read from Boston and the Northern California Federation meeting at San Francisco.

Jack Hatcher had printed and distributed a little newspaper for the Federation. At this time he was elected editor in chief and each society agreed to elect an assistant editor and to send in news for the next issue.

Mrs. Backus told of the Laguna Beach Camp reunion to be held Friday, March 19th, in the Los Angeles Church, and told something of the plans for next summer.

The following Federation officers were elected for the coming year: Byron Hayes, Los Angeles, president. Fred Barienbrock, Hollywood, vice-president. Lilian Minter, Long Beach, Secretary.

At 8 o'clock in the church auditorium the Los Angeles Young people conducted a service in observance of Young People's Sunday. Six girls and six boys formed the choir. Every element in the service was in their hands. Instead of the usual sermon each of the visiting societies was asked to have one of their number give a six-minute address. The two thoughts most emphasized were more earnest endeavor and greater fellowship, or, in other words, "forward shoulder to shoulder."

Archie Reid rejoins PEGASUS *staff. The appointment of an assistant to Mr. Reid has made it possible for him to continue his work with this publication. His return is welcomed.*

SECTIONAL ITEMS

ARCHIE REID, *Contributing Editor*

A reunion of past and present Y. P. R. U. workers was held at Arlington Street Church, Boston, on February 9th. A dinner was served at which Hon. Sanford Bates, a former president of the Y. P. R. U., was toastmaster. Brief reminiscences were given by a number of "old timers," including Mrs. Minnie P. Valentine, Miss Edith Jones, one of the founders of the Y. P. R. U. and Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie, a former treasurer. President Furber spoke on what the Y. P. R. U. is doing today, and Miss Sara Comins, executive secretary, and vice-president Charlie Boister also gave talks.

Rev. J. Harry Hooper was appointed chairman of a committee to organize an alumni association of the Y. P. R. U. and it was agreed to hold an annual reunion.

The North Middlesex Federation of Massachusetts is putting out a monthly bulletin. This is the fourth Federation to issue a publication. We hope the remaining federations will find it possible to follow their example.

The Young Men's Christian Union of Boston has asked the Boston Federation to help them by using their club house. The club house has a hall which seats 500 people, a stage, kitchen equipment and a hostess room.

The Boston Federation took advantage of the Y. M. C. U.'s generous offer by holding a housewarming and dance February 5th. The Federation voted to hold a party there every month.

After a most successful presentation of "You and I," the Boston Federation held a dance on February 13th, at the Hotel Vendome, a brilliant affair. A grand march, excellent refreshments, and exhibition dancing added to the pleasure of the evening.

(*Continued on page seven*)

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A most appropriate close to the Candlelight Service observed as part of their Sunday evening programs by so many of our societies is the pledge used by the St. Louis Young People's Guild:

"To our country whose liberty we inherit; to humanity whose work we share; to Truth and Right and Honor whose light illuminates noble men and women; and to God Our Father whose service is perfect freedom, we give our pledge of service and loyal love."

PEACE

"We all want peace of mind and quietness of spirit. The trouble is we are unwilling to pay the price. We spend our days pursuing phantoms, scratching for food and raiment, scrambling for position, fighting for power. Scurrying about, flurrying, hurrying, worrying. And then when the day is done, the hot feverish day, we wonder that we are weary and restless and unquiet all the night long! Foolish, foolish men that we should go on in this way of turbulence. The path of peace is for him only whose meat and drink is to serve his fellow-men. Ah! just think for once how few are the needs of the man who lives for the things that bring lasting joy! A little simple food; one garment or two; a few books and pictures, but these of the best; a host of friends, but these kept without flattery or dissimulation; a quiet home. That is all. With these few things a man is equipped for life. And the way of that man shall be peace and quietness forever."

FRANK C. DOAN.

In the program of Young People's Week in the New York and Boston Federations dramatics has become an element that has assumed a rather outstanding prominence. We are happy to see this division of Young People's work getting the attention that it deserves. While unquestionably it is a mistake to allow dramatics to occupy the major position among the activities of local Y. P. R. U. societies, we believe that far too often this division is slighted.

Amateur dramatics call for so many different kinds of ability in both playing and production that it opens the way in a young people's society to a job for every member. To hold the interest of every member in a group it is essential to make each one an active member. Dramatics supply a method whereby this may be accomplished. We would suggest therefore that societies which do not now include a regular program of dramatics in their year's activity consider the advisability of so doing.

One hears on occasion the expression that the youth of today is most decidedly disinterested in one of the fundamental things which "men live by"—worship. It seems to us that the activity of the youth of our denomination on Young People's Sunday disproves such an expression. When the members of the leading body of liberal religious thinkers give into the entire charge of its young people in almost every one of its churches a Sunday morning religious service, testimony is borne to their belief in the ability of their young people for high creative thought and to their desire for real devotional exercise.

We have experienced this year the greatest encouragement on the part of the older members of our churches to our work on Young People's Sunday, and we look forward to the Young People's Sundays and Young People's Weeks of the future having greater significance each successive year.

Y. P. R. U. LITTLE THEATRE
THE AMATEUR SKY

How to Construct Cycloramas

One of the most useful additions to the equipment of small stages is a cyclorama—a curved stretch of cloth enclosing the back and sides of the stage, which makes possible the suggestion of distance in exterior scenes. When properly lighted, all aspects of the sky can be reproduced upon it: Moonlight, sunset, dawn, high noon—all with a wonderful illusion of illimitable space.

The least expensive "sky," and the simplest to install, is one of canton flannel or denim cloth sewed into one big piece and hung from a semi-circular or U-shaped pipe so as to mask in the whole back and sides of the stage. It should just touch the floor and should be hung so that its top is not visible from the front row of seats. Forest-green is the most useful "all-round" color, for it can be used (note: c. f. "Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs," by C. D. MacKaye) for other purposes, but light blue is more suggestive of the sky by daylight. At best, this gives merely the suggestion because it hangs loosely in slight folds. If space is very limited the U shape with rounded corners will give more room on stage, but the semi-circle is better. Common gas-pipe may be had cheaply from any hardware store; it comes in sections and can be bent to any desired arc before hanging. Put brass eyelets along the top edge of the cloth, and lace it to the pipe. Thus the pipe may be permanently installed, if such is desired.

This substitute "cyc" will serve innumerable purposes wherever simplified hangings and draperies are used for stage-settings; but, where real scenery is used and a convincing illusion of space is desired, a real, serviceable "cyc" may be had for very little more money. This time the material is the widest muslin that can be bought (common unbleached cotton sheeting) which is cheap. This is cut and sewed to the desired size (the seams should not run up and down) and it is hung on two semi-circular pipes, one just clear of the floor, and is kept stretched taut, thus giving a perfect cylindrical surface on which to play the lights. This also may be made in the U shape; like the huge one in the Guild Theatre, New York; but it is harder to light. An improvement in shape for small stages is to make the top lean in like a cone, with the upper pipe bent in a smaller arc. This is more difficult to hang; but when free of wrinkles gives the very best results with a minimum of lighting equipment. Materials for this "cyc" ought not to exceed $25.00.

FREDERICK PACKARD.

In conducting this department Mr. Packard will aim to solve the various problems that present themselves in the work of the Little Theatre. He will be glad to hear from you just what perplexities your group faces. Address: Dramatic Dept., PEGASUS, *299 Madison Ave., New York City.*

(*Continued from page five*)

At the Mid-winter Religious Meeting of the South Middlesex Federation Rabbi Samuel Wolk spoke on "What is Judaism?" and Dr. Denis A. McCarthy on "What Is Catholicism?"

We welcome to the Y. P. R. U. this month the society at San Jose, California, and the Happy Helpers of Moline, Illinois.

Newly affiliated societies are at Wilmington, Delaware; Ithaca and Niagara Falls, New York; Los Angeles, Cal., and Detroit, Mich.

The second Annual Ball of the Bay Shore Federation was given at the Old Ship Church at Hingham, Mass., on February 19th.

The Editor would be most pleased to have any society in New England or elsewhere send in whatever local news they want published to 16 Beacon Street, Boston.

Rev. Vincent B. Silliman, formerly assistant minister of the First Church, Brooklyn, is to leave the Unitarian Church of Buffalo, N. Y., where he is now associate minister. He is to become minister of the First Church of Portland, Maine.

NEWS FROM CHICAGO AND VICINITY

PHILIP S. KEELER, *Contributing Editor*

Young People's Sunday—the 7th—was celebrated as planned in Chicago, in at least three of the churches. Ray Lalor preached the sermon at All Souls on the south side—Bert Jagger at the Third Church, and I understand the Evanston group took full charge of the services there, in the temporary absence of Rev. Orr. Figures have not come in yet as to the amount of collections that are available for Y. P. R. U., but in the Third Church, at any rate, we netted a very encouraging sum for the Foundation.

Our Lincoln's Birthday Rally at the First Church was proclaimed a success from several standpoints. The anticipated crowd was on hand, filling the recreation hall to a comfortable capacity; music was great; the play was splendidly acted; in all we had a rousing good time. A large fireplace at one end of the room added a very cheery atmosphere. Many thanks are due from all of us to the genial hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. Vogt and others of the First Church, who provided such an ideal welcome. Newt Lincoln was on hand to furnish his usual fine inspiration; Ray Lalor was the business manager and general chairman of arrangements. Somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred were present.

In the near future a Federation meeting is to be called, in a "loop" hall, with a speaker or other worthwhile attraction to precede a business session. This will be announced through the local church representatives.

WHAT-NOT?

Sparks from the Heels of Pegasus

Last summer, through the first Shoals week, we had the good luck to sit down to the same board with a miss who rejoices in the name of Mabel-Louize Arey. Mabel-Louize was quite the sprightliest, albeit the tiniest, of the eight make-believe mice who scrambled for crumbs at the Pied Piper's table—a bright little integrant of "the human sound, the human sight" which she touches upon in this pensive and utterly beautiful poem, "Winter at Star Island":

The sullen, savage sea assaults the rock,
And, surging, hurls its spray in heaven's face;
Nor ceases muttering, though withdrawn a space,
To charge the cliffs again with thunder-shock.
Old Ocean's voice is now the only sound
Which rises up to greet the winter sky
That broods above, in leaden harmony
With grey and cruel waters, rushing round.
The cliffs above the white and whirling spray
Rise ever dignified and unperturbed,
Their massive calm forever undisturbed
By passing, changing seasons and decay.
Gone is the human sound, the human sight,
That lately made these rocks with echoes ring,
And touched with magic colors everything,
And clothed this Isle with Youth, just over-night.
The old stone chapel now stands empty, still;
Upon its walls no candle flings its beams;
'Tis peopled now with only ghosts and dreams
Of Candle-Lighters toiling up the hill.
The chapel bell gives forth a single tone,
As, stirred by fingers of the wind, it swings.
And down the aisle a muted whisper brings
An echo, as of singer silent grown.
But though the solitude keeps solemn state,
And rushing waves and clouds are never still,
The old stone chapel stands upon the hill,
Content to dream, remembering, and wait.

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This is the story of a boy who, having had the matchless advantage of being the child of an humble family, used to work during the summers to help pay his expenses at school. He worked in the Receiving Department of a large, up-to-the-minute factory, where he checked off numbers as the hand trucks rumbled in with the raw stuff to feed the pounding machines overhead. But he wasn't such a much at figures, and at length he tired of counting crude ore. So he appealed to the Boss, who gave him a job which took him over the entire plant; and he saw how the first castings were molded and polished into "The Lamp That Made Reading a Delight."

This is not a "P. S.—He got the job" story. Our hero is not the type of fellow, I'm afraid, who can grace a swivel chair with any degree of aplomb. No, he returned to school in the fall; he had no desire to see his feet reflected in the top of a mahogany desk. When last they saw him at the factory his feet were buried under the excelsior in the Shipping Room, and his head was in the clouds—until he was snatched back to more mundane things by failing to make the exact distinction between his thumb nail and a ten-penny one.

One day toward the end of summer, while at work among the stencils, the packing boxes and the "Fragile" labels, it struck him how peculiarly like a factory is the business of life. There are the same two great departments in touch with the outside world: the Receiving Room, into which are poured the raw stuff or training, the encouragements, the love, the care, indeed the very breath of life; and the Shipping Room, out of which emerges the result—what we say, and do, and are. Between them lies the marvelous throbbing machinery of the human mind, where a spinning emery wheel settles down upon a rough spot every time we favor ourselves with an introspective glance; where little flakes of dross are thrown off from the gold every time we hope, or pray, or entertain a beautiful thought; where the tenuous belting of memory and imagination stretches out to link us with infinite time and distance.

It seems to me that his analogy between the factory and life is especially striking today as it concerns young people. I have a suspicion that some of us have forgotten how our youth has been enriched through the sacrifices, the counsel, and the friendliness of older people. Their richest "counsel" is not persuasive propaganda or professional advice, (from which I instinctively shy), but comes out of those rare, intimate talks reflecting their hopes and regrets.

Most of us are now entering the Shipping Department. Are we so imbued with our own lustre and beauty that we have forgotten the Receiving Room, where we may learn from those who have *lived*, something of their hard-won realization of the terrible pain and exquisite sweetness of life? When I hear the floss and spume of people my own age about wanting to be "left alone" (that's the "Fragile" label of the Shipping Room, I suppose), and that "the old folks do not understand us," I must perforce rebel. Our elders are not so many dodos covered with lichen. There are a few of these, as there are young folks whose outlook on life is timorous and stodgy. But I can testify to a long line of generous, sympathetic older people who have disregarded the wide breach of years separating us, and have asked me to sit by their side rather than at their feet as we talked of many things, of "ships, and shoes, and sealing-wax," of things to be, and of things that might have been.

Why desire to be "left alone"? Most of us haven't yet cut our wisdom teeth! We *need* the older people. The Receiving Room must never be closed to them. Rather let us grapple them to our hearts with hooks of steel!

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This columnist has no superlatives left for Fred McGill. He "erupts" with the regularity of Old Faithful; we "absorb" with the avidity of a thirsty sponge, and squeeze every drop back upon this page. Here's one called "Camelot":

I hunted long for Camelot, from Sarum to the sea;
I sought another Merlin to unveil the town to me—
The splendor whence departed all the heroes of the Quest;
The glory of the King before the Battle of the West.

I dreamed I came on Camelot, 'tween Sarum and the sea;
The knights were pleasant fellows, but they looked like you and me.
I saw some pretty ladies, but a few were not so neat;
The spires needed gilding, there was mire in the street.

I search no more for Camelot, from Sarum to the sea;
The Camelot within my heart is real enough for me.
I'm quite content to see the golden turrets sunset-kissed,
And watch the magic towers reach to heaven through the mist.

All spotless is my Camelot, and every knight is bold;
And every wall and pavement there is fourteen-carat gold.
The haze is caused by mystery, and not by British coal;
I'm happy with the Camelot that's bound up with my soul.

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There's precious little mystery about this New York haze; and we are unhappy about the laundry bills bound up with bituminous.

HANS AXEL WALLEEN.